

are so poor and need our help. Trade is one way to get them the necessary help and develop a good economy.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from West Virginia.

SPRINGTIME JOYS

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, after a mild and dry winter full of false starts, of periods of almost summery weather followed by cold and blustery winds, spring is truly here—here in all of its glory. In that subtle change, the gradual brightening of days and warming of the earth, most of us can sense our mood shifting. Our hearts are gladdened, our spirits are raised, our optimism is buoyed up by more than the improving economic forecasts. As we cast off the last days of winter and welcome in the spring, we shed our weary spirits along with our heavy coats. Spring is here. Here it is. How sweet it is—spring. Our hearts echo the deep joy of Samuel Pepys' song, the poet Robert Browning's ode to spring:

The year's at the spring
And the day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his Heaven—
All's right with the world!

The pansies that bloomed all winter on sheltered porches in bright defiance of the calendar are in their glory, joined by crocuses and nodding daffodils bursting through the cold earth. Lilac bushes are budding, promising sweet scents to come, and the gray and gnarled branches of old pear and apple trees are bursting forth in showy, snowy blossoms. Gregarious robins have returned, massed on warming lawns listening intently for industrious earthworms engaged in their subterranean tilling. Bluebirds flit and swoop among the still bare branches and the goldfinches, busy at the backyard feeders, are brightening their coloring in preparation for springtime courtship.

Color is washing over the land. Redbud trees add rosy tints to gray woodlands while cheerful daffodils and forsythia bushes sparkle amid drab lawns and gardens. If winter brings to mind the talents of artists in charcoal sketches or the great etchers with their mastery of pattern and shading in the bold geometry of bare branches carved against a snowy ground, spring calls for watercolorists and sketchers in pastels with bright translucent colors that capture the fragile clearness of the springtime sunshine. Summer and fall may belong to the oil painters with their deep saturated colors and massing of light and shade, but it takes a swift hand and brush to pin down the quicksilver moods of springtime.

Under foot, the cold ground yields to springtime loam begging for the gardener's spade. Dry stalks blush with the green glow of new growth that springtime's new calves tentatively nibble. The cattle are happy for the

fresh grass after a long autumn and winter eating hay. I know that farmers in West Virginia are hoping for good spring rains to replenish the water supplies and encourage a good growth of hay after last year's dry spells. Pastures have been cropped close and hay supplies are dwindling since the autumn drought sent pasture grass into an early dormancy. We need rain—soft rain.

Rain in the springtime is a lovely thing, gentle and welcome, unlike rain in other seasons. In summer, thunderstorms are violent, dramatic events, noisy and flooding, leaving streets steaming. In autumn, the rain can become monotonous, day after dreary day of steady sodden downpour filling the gutters with matted, decaying leaves. And in winter, cold, stinging sleet makes travel on dark roads and slick sidewalks treacherous. But in the spring, the rain is misty and companionable as my little dog Billy and I conduct our inspection tours of flower beds, the turf soft beneath our feet. Flower petals gain an added brightness from their raindrop ornaments. Spiderwebs become tiny crystal chandeliers draped with tiny drops in a soft and misty rain. And after the rain, there are rainbows shimmering like dreams overhead.

I asked the robin, as he sprang,
What made his breast so round and red;
Twas looking at the sun, he said.
I asked the violets, sweet and blue,
Sparkling in the morning dew,
Whence came their colors, then so shy;
They answered, "looking to the sky";
I saw the roses, one by one,
Unfold their petals to the sun,
I asked them what made their tints so bright,
And they answered, "looking to the sky";
I asked the thrush, whose silvery note
Came like a song from angel's throat,
Why he sang in the twilight dim;
He answered, "looking up at Him."

In springtime, at Eastertide, as we celebrate the great awakening of life reborn, one only has to look outside to appreciate the Creator's handiwork. The earth is His page, the seasons His poetry writ fresh for us each morning.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

Mr. President, I yield the floor, and I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent the order for the quorum call be dispensed with.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask the Senate now proceed to a period of

morning business, with Senators allowed to speak for a period not to exceed 5 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

LITTLE BIG MAN

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, 46 years ago the South Dakota Democratic Party was hardly more than George McGovern, George Cunningham, and a beat up old station wagon. I was eight. Little did I know I would one day owe a career to those two men and that car.

One of those men is now world-famous, his name a synonym for political courage and common decency. The other, George Cunningham, is unknown to most.

But George Cunningham is known to me.

I know him as the man who flew quietly to South Dakota to rescue a political newborn from a life-threatening recount in 1978. I know him for his wise counsel during a testing challenge from Congressman Clint Roberts, and through the other muddles of my political adolescence. I know George as the man from whom my own George Cunningham, Pete Stavrianos, says he learned both his trade and his passion for that trade. And I know George Cunningham as the diabolical practical joker whose powers to disarm and confuse with his wit remain to this day the most powerful antidote to self-importance I have ever witnessed.

"GVC," as he was known to those familiar with his smoking IBM Selectric, is a man who has never taken himself too seriously, but has always fiercely insisted his lifetime profession be taken seriously.

I will never forget hearing about George Cunningham telling a reporter who asked about his polls during his campaign against Larry Pressler that his numbers were, "in the toilet." The stunned newsman had expected a deer in the headlights lie from a scared politician facing defeat. What he got was an honest admission from a strong man who was still teaching, even through his hurt, how to laugh honestly in the face of adversity, and in so doing, respect what one was about.

What George Vinton Cunningham was about, and what he is still about, is service to the public.

From his first campaign with George McGovern while still a law student at USD, through his service to Governor Herseeth in 1959, his 20 years beside George McGovern in Washington, his return to his hometown of Watertown, SD, as a candidate for U.S. Senate, and his tenure as lawyer and party activist, George Cunningham has taught us all what it means to serve.

Cunningham is a short, non-descript man who, while chief of staff to a candidate for President of the United States, used to send friends unflattering pictures of himself in safari garb holding a rifle in one hand and his